

The Mirror

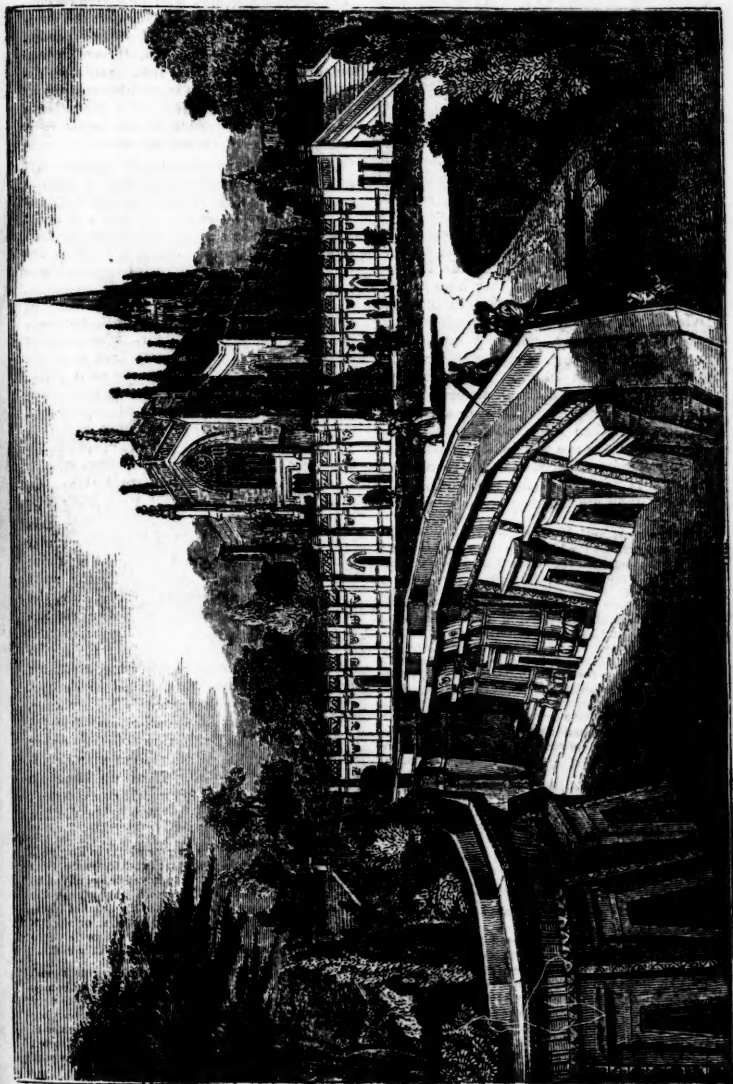
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 919.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1838.

[PRICE 2d.]



NORTH LONDON CEMETERY, HIGHGATE.

NORTH LONDON CEMETERY.

THE LEBANON CATACOMBS, TERRACE, AND SEPULCHRES.

In the 912th number of the *Mirror*, we gave a view of the buildings erected at the entrance to the North London Cemetery at Highgate, from Swain's Lane: this lane runs at the base of that part of Highgate Hill known by the name of Traitor's Hill, from being the rendezvous of the associates of Guy Faux; it was upon this spot that the conspirators anxiously awaited the expected explosion on the 5th of November, 1605.

We advise parties that go to view the cemetery, to enter it from Swain's Lane; the varied beauties of this sepulchral garden will be gradually developed as they advance. We have before stated that the cemetery* ground at present enclosed, does not exceed twenty acres; but, by the artist-like arrangement of the landscape gardener, Mr. Ramsey, they are so disposed, that they have the appearance of being thrice that extent; this effect is produced by circuitous roads, winding about the acclivity, not only making the ascent more gradual, but greatly increasing the distance. In addition to the carriage-road, the foot-paths in all directions circle round the numerous plantations and flowerbeds; and when interspersed with elegant monuments, the eye will luxuriate on such a variety of objects, placed apart from each other, that it is impossible for the spectators to suppose they are walking on so limited an

* The most ancient cemetery we are acquainted with, and perhaps the largest in the world, is that of Memphis; and of all the ancient burial places, no one conforms so nearly to modern ideas of cemeteries, as that of Arles. In the early ages of Christianity, the cemeteries were established without the cities, and upon the high roads, and dead bodies were prohibited from being brought into the churches; but this was afterwards abrogated by the Emperor Leo. The early Christians celebrated their religious rites in the cemeteries, upon the tombs of their martyrs. It was also in cemeteries that they built the first churches, of which the subterranean parts were catacombs. Naples and Pisa have cemeteries, which may be regarded as models, not only for good order and convenience, but for the cultivation of the arts and the interest of humanity. That in Naples is composed of a large enclosure, having three hundred and sixty-five openings or sepulchres, answering to the days of the year, symmetrically arranged. The *campo-santo*, or cemetery of Pisa, is on every account worthy of attention. As a work of art, it is one of the first in which the classical style of architecture began to be revived in modern Europe. It was constructed by John of Pisa, being projected by Ubaldo, archbishop of Pisa, in 1200. The length of this cemetery is about four hundred and ninety feet, its width one hundred and seventy, height sixty, and its form rectangular. It contains fifty ships' freights of earth from Jerusalem, brought hither in 1238. The whole of the edifice is constructed of white marble. The galleries are ornamented with various specimens of early painting. Fine antique sarcophagi ornament the whole circumference, raised upon consoles, and placed upon a sub-base, breast high. The Turks plant odiferous shrubs in their cemeteries, which spread a delicious fragrance, and purify the air. This custom is practised also in the Middlebourg and Society Islands.

extent of ground. About half way up the hill, a totally different scene presents itself: the roads gradually descend to the entrance of a tunnel, called the *Egyptian Avenue*; the engraving (page 292) gives an accurate idea of the buildings at the entrance of the avenue. The angular aperture, with the heavy cornice, embellished with the flying serpent, and other oriental ornaments; the Egyptian pillars, and the well-proportioned obelisks that rise gracefully on each side of the entrance, recalls to the imagination the sepulchral temples at Thebes, described by Belzoni. The solemn grandeur of this portion of the cemetery is much heightened by the gloomy appearance of the avenue, which is one hundred feet long; but, as the road leading through it is a gentle ascent, the perspective effect makes it appear a much greater length. There are eight square apartments, lined with stone, on each side of the avenue; these sepulchres are furnished with stone shelves, rising one above the other on three sides of the sepulchre, capable of containing twelve coffins,† in addition to those which could be placed upon the floor. The doors of the sepulchres are of cast iron, they are ornamented with a funeral device of an inverted torch. At the termination of the avenue we enter a circular road five hundred feet in circumference; on each side of the road are sepulchres similar to those already described; the inner circle forms a large building, flat at the top, which is planted with flowers and shrubs; from the midst rises the magnificent cedar of Lebanon. The engraving preceding this account will give a better idea of the circular rows of sepulchres, and the garden above them, than could be conveyed by the most elaborate verbal description: the avenue, the sepulchres in the circles, with the elegant flights of steps leading to the upper ground of the cemetery, form a mass of building in the Egyptian style of architecture, that, for extent and grandeur, is unequalled in Europe. The lower part of the grounds are striking, from their beauty of situation and tasteful arrangement; but the view of the upper plantations, on ascending from the sepulchre, is still more so. Here we have an architectural display of another character: a long range of catacombs,‡ entered by Gothic

† We do not find coffins in general use in England, until the reign of Henry III.; and for some time before this period they seem to have been confined to people of high rank. In the more early period, the body of the deceased was carried to the place of interment on the shoulders of the mourners, or upon a sledge or car; and commonly the remains were deposited in the grave without the protection of a coffin.

‡ Catacombs (*κατακομμαι*, to cause to sleep) are found in most parts of the world. The catacombs of Rome, at a short distance from the city, are very extensive, and have evidently been used as burying places and as places of worship. The catacombs of Naples are cut under the hill called Crpo di Monte; the entrance into them is rendered horrible by a vast

doorways, and ornamented with buttresses, the whole surmounted with an elegant pierced parapet. Above the catacombs is a noble terrace, which communicates with the centre ground by an inclined plane, and a flight of steps. The view from this terrace, on a clear day, is extensive and beautiful: the foreground is formed by the cemetery gardens, and the pleasure grounds of the suburban villas, beyond which are seen the spires, domes, and towers of the great metropolis, backed by the graceful sweep of the Surrey hills.

Persons acquainted with Highgate, are aware that an elegant church has recently been erected on the top of Highgate Hill. It is a chaste Gothic building, from designs of Mr. L. Vulliamy, and as a contemporary writer justly remarks, "it is impossible to imagine a more beautiful site than that chosen for the church, or a style of building better adapted to the situation." A glance at the engraving before referred to, will shew how excellently Mr. Geary has availed himself of the contiguity of this beautiful structure, by forming the terrace and Gothic catacombs immediately beneath it; and thus the church becomes one of the grandest ornaments of the cemetery.

The whole of the buildings, plantations, &c., of the North London Cemetery are completed, and will shortly be consecrated. We understand that the company intend commencing cemeteries in the eastern and southern parts of the metropolis, of fifty acres each; and if the architect, Mr. Geary, and the landscape gardener, Mr. Ramsey, perform their several works with as much taste, in appropriate architecture and beauty of design, as they have displayed at Highgate, they will confer additional honour on themselves, by further ornamenting the suburbs of London with those peculiarly useful and interesting establishments; and though the beauty or glory of the place of sepulture can make no difference to the departed, it is consolatory to the minds of the survivors to be enabled to visit the tombs of relatives or friends, without being disgusted with the revolting scenes that so continually recurring in the over-crowded and gloomy churchyards of the metropolis.

N. W.

heap of skulls and bones, the remains of the victims of a plague which desolated Naples in the sixteenth century. At Palermo and at Syracuse, there are similar recesses. In the island of Malta, catacombs are found at Città Vecchia cut into the rock in which that old town stands. They occur again in the Greek islands of the Archipelago. At Milo there is a mountain completely honeycombed with them. In Egypt they occur in all parts of the country where there is rock. And in Peru, and in some other parts of South America, catacombs have been discovered.

[THE lyrical and fugitive poetry of the present day, when the genius for its production has departed, will be looked upon as one of the best and brightest features of our literature. It is entirely characteristic of the age; energetic, versatile, and often highly original; whilst it by no means is deficient in grace, harmony, pathos, and simplicity. Of such are the writings of the author* from whose recently published work, *Landscape Lyrics*, we select the following, to our mind, exquisite and beautiful poem, entitled,

TO A WILD FLOWER.

In what delightful land,
Sweet-scented flower, didst thou attain thy birth?
Thou art no offspring of the common earth,
By common breezes fann'd!

Full oft my gladden'd eye,
In pleasant glade, or river's marge has traced,
(As if there planted by the hand of taste,)
Sweet flowers of every dye.

But never did I see,
In mead or mountain, or domestic bower,
'Mong many a lovely and delicious flower,
One half so fair as thee!

Thy beauty makes rejoice
My inmost heart—I know not how 'tis so—
Quick coming fancies thou dost make me know,
For fragrance is thy voice.

And still it comes to me
In quiet night and turmoil of the day,
Like memory of friends, gone far away;
Or, haply, ceas'd to be.

Together we'll commune
As lovers do, when standing all apart;
No one o'erhears the whispers of their heart,
Save the all-silent moon.

Thy thoughts I can divine,
Although not utter'd in vernacular words,
Thou me remind'st of songs of forest birds,
Of venerable sages;

Of earth's fresh shrubs and roots
Of summer days, when men their thirsting slake
In the cool fountain, or the cooler lake,
While eating wood-grown fruits.

Thy leaves my memory tell
Of sights and scents and sounds, that come again,
Like ocean's murmurs, when the bany strain
Is echoed in its shell.

The meadows in their green,
Smooth running waters in the far-off ways,
The deep-voiced forest where the hermit prays,
In thy fair face are seen.

Thy home is in the wild,
'Mong sylvan shades, near music-haunted springs,
Where peace dwells all apart from earthly things,
Like some secluded child.

The beauty of the sky,
The music of the woods, the love that stirs
Wherever Nature charms her worshippers,
Are all by thee brought nigh.

I shall not soon forget
What thou hast taught me in my solitude;
My feelings have acquired a taste of good,
Sweet flower! since first we met.

Thou bring'st unto the soul
A blessing and a peace; inspiring thought;
And dost the goodness and the power denote
Of Him who formed the whole.

* Wm. Anderson, Esq., author of "Poetical Aspirations." Smith and Elder, Cornhill.

PARAPHRASE OF THE 137th PSALM.

We sat down and bitterly wept
By Babylon's dark-frowning stream;
But the wave rippled heedlessly on,
And Sion became as a dream.

On the willows in sympathy drooping
Our harps we neglectingly hung;
To silence deep gloom next succeeded,
All hush'd are both aged and young.

How reckless, how cruelly lost
To the agoniz'd look of despair,
Was the foe that could tauntingly shout,
Come sing, and forget every care!

The praises of God to attune
Amid aliens how shall slaves try?
On our heart's knees in silence we bend,
Through vengeance still beams mercy's eye.

O Salem! forgot be my skill
And the cunning device of my hand,
If my heart dwell not ever with thee,
Thou thrice happy, thrice favour'd land!

To memory's last fleeting hour
Will I cherish the right of my birth;
Yea, dumb may I be altogether,
If I dote on thee not in my mirth.

Forget not, O Lord, the distress
Of thine own fated city that day,
When the Edomites ruthlessly cried,
Away with thy chosen, away!

O Babylon, daughter of crime,
With misery wasted and woe;
Happy doubtless the agent of Heaven
That's destin'd to level thee low!

Yea, blessed be his uplifted hand,
For our wrongs to avenge God is nigh:
The babes shall be slain at the birth,
The mothers despair—and then die. J. D.

WATER.

By W. T. Moncrieff.

Give me the stream—the clear—the bright—
The cool—the chaste—the pure—the free!
The stream that seeks and loves the light,
And with the earth shares sovereignty.

Give me the drink that Beauty takes,
That seeks the sands to cheer the faint,
With which its thirst Devotion slakes,
That springs from rocks to bless the saint.
Water, water, give to me!
Water shall my nectar be.

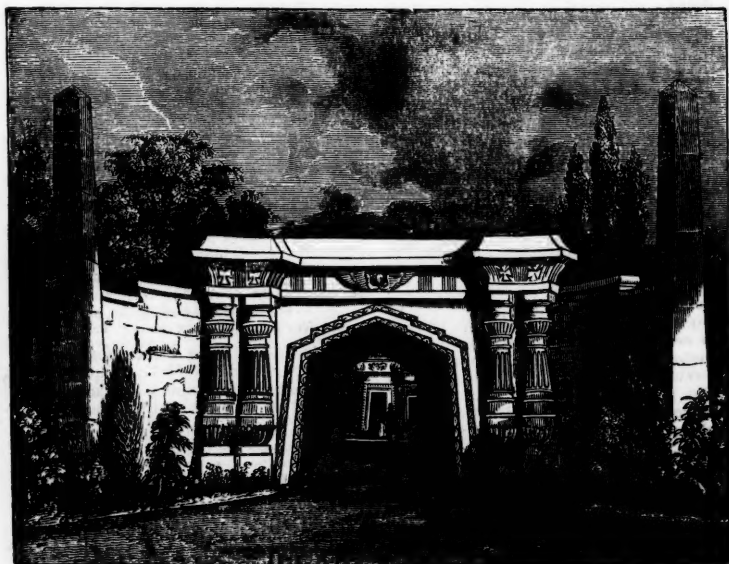
O if I'd a divining rod,
To know where the stream runs hid below,
I'd rival Bacchus—the jolly god—
And a banquet make that should ever flow.
Give me the drink that comes from the sky,
That takes half the earth to form its cup,
The drink which heaven exhales on high,
The stream which the glorious sun drinks up.
Water, water, still give me!
Water shall my nectar be.

Water from coldness kindly shrinks,
And hardens itself against winter's rage;—
The grape but maddens the fool that drinks,
And gives the thirst it should assuage.
Water will bear us on its breast;

It yields the diamond its radiance bright:
Its murmurs lull us into rest—
It is a fountain of delight!
Water, water, then, give me!

Water shall my nectar be.

Old Monthly Magazine.



(THE EGYPTIAN AVENUE.)

OUR NATIONAL LITERATURE.

No. V.

(For the Mirror.)

SHAKESPEARE'S genius was indeed illimitable and fathomless. He was a prodigy "beyond all Greek, beyond all Roman fame." He was the magician who kindled the dormant energies of the age he lived in; inspired the noble; humanized the savage. In his historical characters he reflected the past; and in many of his portraits we have graphic pictures of the existing manners of his own times. Indeed, it is observable, that in delineating some of them, from a desire to be faithful to his task, he stooped to the taste of the age; the penalty paid for popular favour; and to this may be traced much of the false wit and low comic dialogue, which have been justly considered as the darkest spots of observation on the disc of this, our greatest intellectual luminary. But when Shakespeare ascended from the low realities of existing life, and his imagination was allowed, not only to select its materials, but to fashion them in its own mould, then shone forth the *Prince of Dramatic Poets*! Combinations were formed, which, for consistency with the fundamental principles of mind; for grandeur and elevation; for profound pathos; for originality and complete unity; have no parallel amongst the creations of human genius. Such were his Othello, his Lear, his Macbeth, his Desdemona, and his Juliet. The world in which we live and move, was too circumscribed for his gigantic soul. His genius exhausted worlds and then imagined new. He called into his aid the superstitions of his own and past ages. He made the sheeted dead

"To squeak and gibber in the Roman streets," in augury of the fatal "ides of March." The beldames,

"So wither'd and so wild in their attire,"

meet Macbeth on the blasted heath, amid the conflict of the elements, and prophecy in syllable words his future destiny. The monstrous Caliban and the celestial Ariel are conjoined in the same play, as if to show how the majesty of his genius could sport with the most incongruous materials. Nay, in very wantonness, he gives Bottom the Weaver an ass's head, and makes him partial "to thistles and bottled hay."

What should we do, if called upon in this work to analyze his genius? Our imagination must, like his own Puck, belt the globe; taking the glowing impress from every scene of life, every state of society, and every modification of character. Is it melancholy that depresses?—look at "the dejected" Hamlet: Does rage infuriate?—stand forth Richard, "that bloody and devouring boar:"—Othello bodies forth the "jealous are damned:" Romeo hoists the high top-gallant of romantic love; and Shylock gloats in the anticipation

of a sanguinary revenge. "In every stroke," as Hazlitt says, "the stroke, like the lightning's, is as sure as it is sudden." Our task would be a hopeless one, but that there are many degrees between conveying a complete idea of a thing and no idea at all. Refer to

"The Jew
That Shakespeare drew,"

in his remonstrances on the Rialto to Antonio, the Merchant of Venice—

"Signor Antonio, many a time and oft
On the Rialto you have rate me
About my monies and my usances," &c.*

Now transfer yourselves to that remarkable scene "in the witching hour of night," in which a virtuous and indignant son sits down as the stern monitor of a guilty parent; and rings such a knell in her ears, as makes her stand aghast at her own infamy. I allude to the closet scene in Hamlet. The language of strong emotion when he addresses his mother's feelings, and endeavours to impart in her some portion of that indignation with which he himself is inflamed—

"Now mother,—what's the matter," &c.

Then for a finished portrait, as he starts into life in all the hugeness of his enterprise; and the deformity of his purpose as well as his person; the crook-backed Richard—

"Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer," &c.

Take his brother in ambition, that union of contraries, the "fiend of Scotland," yet "full of the milk of human kindness;" a "coward" and "valourous minion;" weak and abandoned in his moral character, great in his personal.—Take him at the close of his sanguinary career, when perplexed with the deceitful oracles which assure him of safety; and the net which closes round his destiny; resolute in opinion, according to the prediction of the hags, that

"Macbeth should never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Should come against him;"

And determined to be "bloody, bold, and resolute"—the bubble of his hope bursts; and the fiend mocks his desolation. He falls like a giant, however.

"My Lord, as I did stand my watch upon the hill,
Methought the wood began to move!" &c.

Turn from these to the "insulted majesty of buried Denmark:" to the kingly spirit let loose for an hour in the night season, from its purgatorial fires, to "revisit again the glimpses of the moon:—to Richard, in the remorse of his soul, clutching his sword in his dreams:—to the imaginative vision of Clarence:—and we must be made aware then that Shakespeare was, indeed, "a master of fence, cunning at all weapons:" that his province was equally in the minute and pleasing,

* The reader is referred to the plays themselves, as most of the passages quoted are well known.

and in the vast and terrific; that when dealing in human agencies, he could probe to the bottom of the soul of man; and that when he gave wings to his imagination, he could become, as it were, a denizen of the world of spirits. His plays have been the admiration of past ages; are the delight of the present; and

"To ages yet unborn appeal,
And latest times th' eternal nature feel."

H. I.

The Public Journals.

ON TEE-TOTALISM.

(From the "Recollections of our last Parish Minister," in "Fraser's Magazine," Nov. 1838.)

"TEE-TOTALISM," said our parish minister, "means entire abstinence from every article on butcher's stall or in baker's shop, of eatables or drinkables, in ocean, earth, or air, of fowl, fish, or flesh, out of which, by roasting, broiling, baking, boiling, distilling, or squeezing, alcohol can be extracted—or, to speak less chemically, in which, by telescope or microscope, or spectacles or smell, or taste or touch, whisky can be detected. In an hour of happy and pure philanthropy, the tee-totalers entered into a solemn league and covenant, to hunt whisky, from swipes up to cogniac, out of existence.

"Mr. James presents himself as a solid specimen of tee-totalism. If superficial admeasurement and solid diagonal contents are criteria of excellence, he of the Brummagem Tee-total Institute is a powerful argument. His back requires two and a half yards of broad cloth to cover it. He has written the *Church Member's Guide*; out of which, however, let me remark, if all the fiery spirit were extracted, there would be a residuum of dry and mouldering matter only. He has preached and speechified against church and state for years. Mr. James is an F.S.T.T. Such are the fruits of tee-totalism. So much alarmed have the learned tee-totalers become at the existence and encroachments of 'spirits, blue and gray,' that they originated a new bread-manufactory, according to which bread, without any spirit left in it, was to be baked daily. The alcohol is to be caught as it evaporates; and the loaves, thus disfranchised, are to be sold with the seal and sanction of the honourable Society of Tee-totalers. Unfortunately, however, for the interests of this joint-stock concern, an antagonist baker, who has not enrolled his name in the bright catalogue of tee-totalers, has commenced business in the pictorial line on the opposite side of the street, and sported the sign-board, 'BREAD SOLD HERE WITH THE GIN IN IT.' The result was, he becomes rich, and the company become precisely the reverse.

"The institute of tee-totalism arose from a very small beginning, like the epic of the blind Homer, and other great works. An old Scotchman, terribly addicted to collecting mountain-dew, and depositing it in its usual receptacle, was tempted, by an eloquent and impressive speech, at a meeting of the Temperance Society—which is a sort of popish edition of the tee-total, admitting of indulgences and venial trespasses—to enrol his name among the abstemious fraternity. For six months he successfully waged war with the subtle spirit, making amends by copious ale and Dublin stout libations for his abstinence from whisky. One night, after having absorbed more than the usual quantity of heavy wet, he was passing through the turnpike-gate, not altogether in a rectilinear direction: 'Thomas,' exclaimed the toll-keeper, who was also a whisky-seller, 'will ye no tak' a gill wi' your auld neebor the nicht?' 'I hae joined,' was the magnanimous reply. 'Joined!' said the toll-man; 'that's no gar ye gie up freenship an' auld lang syne. Thae temperance societies are nae for sober honest chieles, like you and me.' 'I've joined,' was the reply again. 'But surely ye're nae the same sonsie frien' ye ance were. Will ye no drink, at least, to the success o' the temperance cause?' Thomas was overcome, partly by this logic, and partly by the ale-stimulus already far beyond zero. He tasted the 'barley bree'; and such was the power of early habit, that he could not desist till he was 'blin fou.' He hied homeward in a zigzag line for some miles, but at last sat down, and in a few minutes stowed himself away in a ditch by the road side. About an hour afterwards, the minister of the parish, who had also the honour of being president of the Local Auxiliary of the Temperance Society, happened to pass by in his gig, that great mark of earthly respectability. Hearing the groans of a fellow-creature proceeding from the ditch, he approached the spot, and inquired earnestly, 'Wha's there?' 'I'm Thamus Petrie, o' Patie's Mill, a member of the glorious Temperance Society. Here's anither mutchkin to the guid cause!' 'Thamus, ya're a disgrace to the temperance cause! I say, Thamus, ye're a disgrace to the cause!' 'It's o' nae use,' cried Thomas, 'unless ye sew up my mou.'"

SNUFF-TAKING.

"SNUFF," said the parish-minister, "must be put on other ground. It never intoxicates—it never steals away the senses. Its orthodoxy depends on its influence on the physical system. But it always struck me that, if it had been the design of our Creator that we should be snuff-takers or tobacco-smokers, the nose would have been inverted. Thus the snuff would have been poured in at

the aperture, and descended amid its resulting titillations, vibrations, &c.; and the smoke emanating from its appropriate chimney-pot, the mouth, would have curled upward along the inclined plane presented by the nose. At present, the situation of the nose menaces a repulsive rather than attractive agency, and must present a formidable obstacle to the ascension of smoke, &c. from the orifice below. These are my reasons against snuff and tobacco."

"Bide a wee," retorted the elder: "experience is allooed, even by your reverence, to be a mighty argument. I fin' snuff, throughout a' its nomenclature, to be a marvellous agent. I carena what kin', sa as it be guid. Black or brown rappee, Gillespie, Irish blackguard, Welsh, Strassburgh, Hardham's 37, or any other name that smells as sweet, they all have all amazin' restorative powers."—*Fraser's Magazine*.

DESCRIPTION OF HERAT, IN EASTERN PERSIA.

As, in all probability, the above city will shortly become the scene of stirring events, we deem no apology necessary for presenting its history to our readers.

Herat forms a distinct government, and is in little subjection to the general sway of the country, known by the appellation of Afghanistan, or Eastern Persia. It is one of the most renowned cities in the east, being the ancient Aria, or Artacoana, and capital of Ariana. It was formerly called Heri, and gave its name to an extensive province in the time of Alexander. It was long the capital of Tamerlane's empire. It has a spacious and magnificent mosque, and is surrounded by a broad ditch. It is situated in a spacious plain, surrounded on all sides by lofty mountains. This plain, which is thirty miles in length, and about fifteen in breadth, owes its fertility to the Herirood, which runs through the centre of it, being highly cultivated, and covered with villages and gardens.

The city embraces an area of four square miles, and is encircled with a lofty wall and wet ditch. The citadel is in the northern face, and is a small square castle, elevated on a mound, flanked with towers at the angles, and build of burnt brick. The city has a gate in each face, and two in that which fronts the north; and from each gate a spacious and well-supplied bazaar leads up towards the centre of the town. The principal street, from the south gate to the cattle-market opposite the citadel, is covered with a vaulted roof. Herat is admirably supplied with water, almost every house having a fountain, independent of the public ones on either side of the bazaars. The residence of the prince is, in appearance, a very mean

building; a common gateway is all that is seen of it; within which is a wretched house, and in its front an open square, with the gallows in its centre. The Mesghed Jama, or chief mosque, was once a noble edifice, enclosing an area of 800 square yards; but, having been much neglected, is now falling into decay. This fortunately, however, can not be said of the other buildings of Herat; and no city, perhaps, in the east, has so little ground unoccupied. It is computed to contain 100,000 inhabitants, of whom 10,000 are Patans; the remainder are Afghans, a few Jews, and 600 Hindoos. The latter are here highly respected, and alone possess capital or credit. The Government is not insensible of their value, and, in consequence of their great commercial concerns, the Hindoos enjoy a distinguished influence. Herat, from its extensive trade, has obtained the appellation of *bundar*, or port. It is the emporium of the commerce carried on between Cabul, Kashmere, Bockhara, Hindostan, and Persia. From the former they received shawls, indigo, sugar, chintz, muslin, leather, and Tartary skins, which they export to Meshed, Yezd, Kerman, Isphahan, and Tehraun, receiving in return chiefly dollars, tea, chinaware, broad-cloth, copper, pepper, and sugar-candy; dates and shawls from Kerman, and carpets from Ghaen. The staple commodities of Herat are silk, saffron, and assafetida, which are exported to Hindostan. The gardens are full of mulberry-trees, cultivated solely for the sake of the silkworm; and the plains and hills near the city, particularly those to the westward, produce assafetida. The Hindoos and Bilouches are fond of this plant, which they eat by roasting the stem in the ashes, and stewing the heads of it like other greens. The winters at Herat are, at times, extremely severe, and the cold often proves most hurtful to the crops; but nothing can exceed the fertility of the plain, the produce of which is immense, as well in wheat and barley, as in every kind of fruit known in Persia. The pistachio tree grows wild in the hills, and the pine is common in the plains. Cattle are small, and far from plentiful; but the broad-tailed sheep are abundant, and fuel, though brought from a distance, not dear. The revenue of the city is estimated at four lacs and a half of rupees; and is raised by a tax levied on the caravanseras, shops, gardens, and a duty on exports and imports. The government is in the hands of Prince Hadji Firoose, son of the late Ahmed Shah, King of Cabul, who pays a tribute to his Persian Majesty, of 50,000 rupees a-year. Herat is in latitude 34 12 N., longitude 63 14 E."

The Naturalist.

BOTANY—No. VI.

Roots of Plants.

THE root of a plant has a natural tendency to direct itself towards the centre of the earth. It is at the moment the embryo begins to germinate, (sending a *radicle* downwards, and a *plumula* upwards,) that this tendency is particularly observed; but it always exists; and is best seen in simple roots, and in tap-roots (such as the carrot); for it does not apply to the *lateral branches* of roots. The force of this tendency in the roots, is seen in the pains and power it exhibits in surrounding obstacles. Thus, if a bean which has begun to germinate, be placed on the ground, the wrong side upwards,—that is, with the root in the air, and pointing upwards—the latter will soon bend downwards, and enter the ground. In explanation of this phenomenon it has been said, that the fluids contained in the root are less elaborated, and consequently *heavier* than those of the stem; and that this greater weight drags the root downward. But in some exotic plants, roots are formed on the stem, at a great height from the ground; and the fluids circulating in them, are the same as those of the stem; and yet, instead of rising like the latter, they descend at once to the ground, and bury themselves in it. Others have ascribed this tendency to the avidity of the root for moisture, which is more abundant in the earth than in the atmosphere; but Duhamel caused seeds to germinate between two moist sponges, suspended in the air; when the roots, instead of inclining towards the wet sponges, crept between them, and hung out below—thus tending towards the earth.

In order to ascertain whether it was the *mould* that attracted the root, Dutrochet took a box, with holes in its bottom, filled it with earth, and suspended it in the air, several feet from the ground. In the holes he placed two beans; so that they had air and light *below*, and moist earth *above*. Here, however, the stems did not develop themselves in the atmosphere, and the roots in the earth; but the former shot up into the mould, and the latter descended into the air, and soon withered.

With a view of ascertaining how far rapid motion would interfere with this tendency, Mr. Knight, (a celebrated English botanist,) placed some beans, imbedded in moss, in a trough in the circumference of a wheel, moved by a stream of water; and revolving, in a vertical direction, a hundred and fifty times in a minute. The roots of the seeds all directed themselves towards the *circumference* of the wheel, and the stems toward the *centre*. He then made a similar experiment with a wheel revolving *horizontally*, two hundred and fifty

times in a minute. Here the radicles directed themselves *outwards*, towards the circumference of the wheel, but with an inclination of ten degrees *downwards* towards the earth; the stems taking a precisely opposite direction. Here we see the marked effect of the centrifugal force; for it took away *eight-ninths* (leaving only ten degrees out of ninety) of the tendency of the root to descend towards the ground; but it also shows how strong that tendency must be, to enable it to resist, even in the slightest degree, the centrifugal force generated by so rapid a revolution of the wheel. When Dutrochet repeated this experiment, this force was overcome still more;—the roots descending almost perpendicularly. In the first of these experiments, (with the *vertical* wheel), it is a remarkable circumstance that the *stems* should have been able completely to counteract the centrifugal force, and to direct themselves towards the *centre* of the wheel.

Parasitic plants in general, and the mistletoe in particular, appear to be exceptions to the general law we have mentioned. The mistletoe shoots out its root in any direction in which it may chance to be placed; for if placed on the *upper* side of a branch, its radicle is directed *downwards*; but if on the *under* side, it is directed *upwards*; while if placed on the *side* of a branch, the root is directed *laterally*. If a seed of the mistletoe be attached to a piece of glass placed over a dark surface, the radicle always directs itself to the side opposite to that from which the light comes. The seed of this peculiar plant is enveloped in a kind of vegetable glue, from which it receives its first nourishment when germinating. It will grow, not only on wood, (dead as well as living,) but also on stones, iron, &c. Dutrochet made it germinate on a cannon-ball; and he found that the direction of its radicle was always towards the centre of the body on which the seed was placed. Hence the radicle seems to be attracted by the mass of the body (whatever it may be) on which the plant grows. Dutrochet placed a germinating seed of mistletoe on one end of a needle, mounted in the centre on a pivot, (like the needle of the mariner's compass), balancing it by a little ball of wax on the other end of the needle. He then placed a little board near the seed, on one side; and covered the whole with a glass receiver, for the sake of protection. At the end of five days, the radicle was found inclined towards the board, although no change had taken place in the position of the needle, though so very moveable; and in two days more the radicle had reached the board, without the needle having moved.

Stems of Plants.

It is not always easy to tell the difference between the stem and the root. Sometimes

the stem is drawn underground, and looks like a root; as in the primrose. It has generally a tendency to rise into the light;—the contrary of the tendency of the root; though we found that in the experiment of the box of mould with holes at the bottom, the stem rose into darkness, when it was farther from the centre of the earth. Spiral vessels and pith are found in the stem, and not in the root. The stem is defined by Linnæus, to be that part of the plant which supports the leaves and flowers. All plants which have vessels, have also a stem; though (as in the primrose) it is not always apparent. It is sometimes horizontal, instead of perpendicular; and runs under ground, like a root. These underground stems, if in a marshy soil, become fibrous, like the roots of plants in sand. In connexion with this subject, we may mention, that if a large tree be growing near a river, and its root reach the stream, it throws out a complicated mesh of fibres in the stream; called, by the French, "a fox's tail."

If a tree be growing on ground which is not horizontal, (as when it grows on the side of a hill,) the stem is not perpendicular to the ground, but to the horizon. But the direction of its roots is altered; for they tend inwards towards the hill; and as the number of trees on a given space, depends on the number of roots that can be accommodated, more trees can grow on a hill than could grow on the space it occupies, if it were removed;—that is (in technical language) on the area of its base. This fact has been disputed; but is pretty well ascertained now. It is not *universally* true, that the tendency of all stems is upwards. We have already noticed one exception in the case of underground stems; and the branches of some trees, (such as the weeping-ash, and weeping horse-chestnut,) take a downward direction, from the time of their first development. The branches of willow, birch, &c. also incline downwards; but that is from the combined influence of their length and alenderness.

As the main trunk of the *root*, in many plants, is not much extended *downwards*, so there are many plants the *stem* of which is not much developed *upwards*; for the leaves and flower-stalk appear to spring immediately from the crown of the root. Such plants are called "stemless;" but they are not really so, although the stem is reduced to a mere flattened disk. Sometimes it assumes a bulbous form, as in the cyclamens; in which the leaves and flowers rise from a woody mass, which is really the stem. An *herbaceous* stem is that which continues soft, and lasts only for a short time; dying soon after the flower has bloomed, and the seeds have ripened. It is most common among annuals and biennials; but is also found among perennials. Stems are called

woody, when they continue to increase for several years: they are confined to shrubs and trees; the distinction between which is, that shrubs have many stems, rising from the surface of the ground; while trees possess one main trunk, which branches or not, according to its nature. An "undershrub" has branches which are partly woody, and partly herbaceous; so that only a portion dies away every year. Sage, rue, and thyme are of this description. There are also *succulent* stems; which are so named from their abounding with cellular tissue, which often retains its juices for several years, without hardening into wood. A good deal is done in the way of altering the form of the stem, by the mode of cultivation. Thus, the dwarf elm, and the box, are, by frequent clipping, made to answer the purpose of borders in our gardens; but they are of the same species as the common elm and box; the trunks of which grow to so great a size; so that here, by management, a large tree is converted into a diminutive shrub. Some stems are *full*, or *solid*, (having no internal cavity,) as the sugar-cane, and the trunk of most trees; others are *fistulous*, or *hollow*, either throughout, or divided by partitions, as reeds and bamboos. In South America, there is a large tree which is always hollow; and which is therefore called, by the natives, *cannon-wood*. Sometimes the stem is filled with pith; as in the alder and fig.

N. R.

Spirit of the Annuals.

THE CONVICT'S BRIDE.

By Eliza Walker.

It was a dark dreary morning in the December of 178—. The ground was covered with snow, and the bleak wind was howling in terrific gusts through the streets. Yet despite the inclemency of the weather, crowds of persons of all classes, and amongst them, many of the weaker sex, might be seen hurrying towards the *Place de Grece*. It was the morning appointed for the execution of Victor d'Aubigny.

The circumstance which had called for this expiation of life at the altar of justice, are briefly as follows,—and, blended with the strong love of excitement, so universal amongst the French, account, in some degree, for the eager curiosity discernible in the multitude, now hastening to the awful spectacle of a fellow-creature, in the full flush of youth and health, being plunged into the gulf of an unknown eternity. The crime for which Victor d'Aubigny was doomed to suffer was forgery. Remonstrance, petitions, interest, all had been tried to avert the fatal penalty. The offence was one of frequent occurrence, and must be checked, even at the costly sacrifice of a

human life. Fortunately in our days the law is satisfied with less than the blood of its victim. In every country apologists are to be found for guilt, and sympathy is more readily excited when the perpetrator is endowed with great personal or mental advantages, or fills a position above the ordinary level in society:—all these Victor d'Aubigny possessed; he had, also, the higher distinction of having, up to the period of his crime, borne a blameless character. From their earliest youth a close intimacy had subsisted between himself and Auguste de Biron. Similarity of age and pursuit—both being intended for the army,—united them more than congeniality of disposition; for the warm generosity of Victor bore little resemblance to the cold, suspicious, vindictive nature of Auguste. They were alike only in their pursuit of pleasure, though even in the prosecution of this, the taste of each took a different bias. The strong and feverish excitement of the gambling table too well suited the eager temperament of Victor. He who, in the midst of the most profligate capital of the world, had strength to resist all other allurements, fell a ready prey to that vice, whose fatal indulgence has often paved the way for the commission of almost every crime.

Auguste, on the other hand, shunning the dazzling *salons* of play, was a nightly visitor of the metropolitan theatres—not to enjoy the wit of Molière, or the genius of Racine, but to watch the airy movements of some *figurante* in the ballet. As they advanced to manhood, the success of D'Aubigny in society called perpetually into play the evil passions of his companion, whose feelings gradually changed from friendship to dislike, and deepened into hatred implacable and bitter, on the refusal of his hand by a lady, who assigned, as the reason, a mad, though unreturned passion, for his friend. Auguste controlled his resentment outwardly, and left Paris.

Victor, at this period, was betrothed to a lovely but portionless girl, and the day for the nuptials was fixed. A few evenings previous, he entered one of the gambling establishments with which Paris abounds. Enough; he was tempted to play, and in a short time found himself a looser to double the amount of all the ready money he could command. He rushed from the house in a state of phrenzy. The money must be paid on the following day. To whom could he apply? Auguste, who might have assisted him, was in England, whither he had gone to be present at the *debut* of a celebrated *danseuse*. He suddenly recollected that his friend left a large sum at his banker's. Forgetful in the desperation of the moment, of every thing but escape from present embarrassment, he forged a check for the sum required. It was duly honoured—but his

doom was sealed. He instantly wrote to apprise De Biron of what he had done; pleading in mitigation that they had often shared the same purse, and binding himself to return the money at the earliest possible period. No reply was given to his letter. The time flew onward,—the day for his marriage arrived. The bridal solemnity was over, when, as the party were leaving the church, D'Aubigny was arrested on a charge of forgery!

The trial and condemnation rapidly succeeded, and the day of execution dawned too soon. Victor met his death calmly and resignedly. But it is not with him our tale has to do,—it is with her, the beautiful, the bereaved one,—with Isabelle d'Aubigny, the convict's bride. From the period when the promulgation of his sentence rung in her ears, to that moment in which the fatal axe fell on the throat of its victim, nor sigh, nor tear, nor word had escaped her. Every faculty seemed suspended by misery. The last, long embrace of her husband—the wild choking sob which burst from him, as she left his cell the night prior to his execution—the thousand frantic passionate kisses which he showered on her marble face, at the foot of the scaffold, all failed to dissolve the trance of grief into which she had fallen. But the moment of awakening agony came at last!—When the guillotine had done its office, and the body of her beloved Victor lay bleeding and dead before her—sorrow, asserting its omnipotent sway over humanity, shivered the feeble barriers of temporary unconsciousness, and let the imprisoned mind free to contemplate the ruin of its only earthly hope, the extinction of all youth's sweetest visions. Then came the groan of anguish, the shriek of despair—the straining of the eyeballs, to assure itself of that which stretched every fibre of the heart with agony till it almost burst with the tension. Then came that piercing look into future years, which so often accompanies calamity in its freshness; when all that would have sustained us beneath the heavy load, has been wrenched from us, for ever and ever!

Vainly the friends who surrounded Isabelle strove to tear her from the body of Victor. There was fascination in the gaze, though horror was blended with it. Her own, her beautiful, lay a mutilated corpse before her,—he whom she had loved with an absorbing intensity, which would have defied time to lessen, circumstance to change—with whom she had hoped to journey through existence, partner of his pleasures, soother of his griefs. And now she was alone and desolate! Then indeed did she feel, that fate had levelled its deadliest weapon; and henceforth every hour was stamped with stern, unchanging, dreary despair. Great misfortunes either strengthen or enfeeble the mind. When the grave had closed

over the body of Victor, Isabelle,—the weak, the gentle, the timid Isabelle, returned to her lonely hearth, a calm, stern, determined woman.

* * * * *

Isabelle d'Aubigny, after the execution of Victor, made a solemn vow to become his avenger. For this purpose, her first aim was to captivate the heart of De Biron. As the widow of Victor, she might fail in this. She was aware that De Biron was a lover of dancing; and through the agency of that accomplishment, superadded to her beauty of person, she hoped to ensnare his affections. Assuming the name of "La Florinda," she became the pupil of the most celebrated master of the day, and by dint of unremitting toil, soon qualified herself for public exhibition. She resolved to appear in Italy, to which De Biron had retired, and made her *debut* at Naples, having accepted an engagement at "La Scala." She soon became the idol of the public—and soon the object of her revenge bowed at her feet a suppliant for her love—a suitor for her hand. She accepted him. During the life of Victor he had never seen her, and who that listened to the music of her low soft voice, would imagine that in her breast every particle of womanly softness was extirpated—that her thoughts were only of revenge and death. It was at the altar's foot her adored Victor had been torn from her arms; it should be at the altar's foot the expiatory sacrifice should be made—his murderer destroyed. She procured from the east a deadly poison, the simple inhalation of which produces abrupt and certain death. Every flower in the *bouquet* was steeped in the deadly essence. The nuptial rites were at length performed; and De Biron gently passing his arm around her waist, would fain have folded her to his bosom. A quick shudder, which seemed to convulse every limb, passed over her. "My beautiful love looks pale!" said De Biron.—"'Tis nothing," replied Florinda, "a sudden faintness. I called these flowers for you, your favourite heliotrope is there;—take them—you will not surely refuse your bride's first gift?"—De Biron took the *bouquet* presented, pressed them passionately to his lips, inhaled their fragrance, and fell at the feet of Florinda a lifeless corse. A wild, unnatural burst of laughter from Florinda pealed through the church.—"It is well,—it is well! Victor, my husband, thou art revenged. Now I will join thee." Uttering these words, she took from beneath the folds of her dress a small poniard, and buried it to the hilt in her breast. The bride and the bridegroom lay dead together!*

* Extracted from Friendship's Offering. (Smith and Elder.)

Anecdote Gallery.

M. DE SAINT CRICQ AND THE SMUGGLERS.

We give the following story, as illustrative of the article "Smuggling," under the head of "Switzerland," in a former number, in hopes that it may amuse our readers.

M. de Saint Cricq had occasion, either on public or private affairs, to travel into Switzerland, and while there, heard much of the ingenuity of the Swiss watchmakers in smuggling their workmanship over the French frontier. Monsieur, the Director, wishing to satisfy himself whether their reputation on this point had not been overrated, repaired to the house of the principal watchmaker in Geneva, and purchased watches and jewellery to the value of forty thousand francs; but on express condition that the goods should be delivered in France without paying the custom dues.—"I charge ten per cent. more for that, sir; but the articles will arrive in Paris as soon as you."—"I care not for the ten per cent; but what guarantee am I to have?"—"Oh! the best in the world; you shall not pay for them until you arrive in Paris, and my receipt will be presented to you by one of my correspondents. Your name and address, if you please, sir."—"M. de St. Cricq, Director General of the Customs of France, Hôtel des Douanes, Paris."—"Very good, sir; you will find them at your Hôtel on your arrival."—Ah! that remains to be proved, thought the Director; we shall see whether a Swiss jeweller can overreach a Director General of Customs.

M. de Saint Cricq, without a moment's delay, despatched orders to all the customs' stations on the frontiers, to exercise the most active vigilance along the line, recommending the respective officers to double and treble the patrols if necessary; and on no account to allow a living soul to pass without undergoing the strictest examination.—He then ordered post-horses, and set off with all possible speed from this land of magnificent scenery and bad roads.

As he passed the frontiers he renewed his orders with great earnestness, promising a hundred louis to the officer who should seize his jewels; and never ceased abusing the postillion till he drew up in the court of the Hôtel des Douanes.

The first care of Monsieur the Director, on alighting from his carriage, was to ascertain from the porter whether he had received any thing for him. The porter put into his hands a number of letters, petitions, and appeals, which M. de Saint Cricq thrust into his pocket, having something of greater importance than those trifles to attend to at present. He ascended to his apartment to change his dress, quite satisfied that his men had seized and confiscated his purchase on the frontiers; but, on entering his bed-chamber, the first

object that met his astonished eyes, was a handsome mahogany box, addressed to "M. de Saint Cricq, Director-General of Customs, Hôtel des Douanes, Paris."—Well! this is a most singular affair, thought M. de Saint Cricq! He approached the mysterious box, turned it round and round, found the key attached to the handle—opened it, and there saw his watches and jewels tied up with blue ribbon, and a bill for 44,000 fr.—I am fairly caught, exclaimed the poor Director! what the devil

"Sir, I have the honour to wait upon you," said a tall man with a German accent, who had just entered the room; "from M—, of Geneva, to receive 44,000 fr., the value of goods purchased of him, and delivered to you—here is his receipt for the same."—"The demand is quite correct, sir; step into my office, and I will pay you; but in the meantime tell me who is the clever rascal that has defrauded the revenue by bringing this box? I only ask his name."—"I can tell you no more than that it is M. de Saint de Cricq, the Director-General of Customs. The box travelled with him—in his own carriage, and his own servants packed it with his baggage."—"I thank you, sir,—I intended to give a lesson to the smugglers; but it has cost me twenty thousand francs and two horses, besides some little mortifications. My respects to M—, of Geneva, if you please."

New Books.

LAND SHARKS AND SEA GULLS.

(By Capt. Glascock. Bentley.)

[The facetious and entertaining author of the "Naval Sketch Book," has, in the production of this work, added another wreath to his well-earned literary fame. It is impossible to have a more vivid and veritable picture of the manners and eccentricities of the sailor, than what is portrayed in these volumes. We must satisfy ourselves with the following extract:]

A Sailor's Confession of his Sins.

The chaplain had already entered the sick asylum. The loblolly-boy led him to the hammock of the "dying man," at the side of which had been already dropped a canvas screen. Placing a stool for the reverend gentleman, Bolus retired.

"I axes your pardon, sir," said Paul, for dragging ye so far for'ard in such a head-sea; I does indeed, Mr. Lawrence; but ye may depend on it, sir, there's never another person in the sarvus as I send for 'sides yerself," he added, offering to his pastor an awkward tender of his heated hand.

"Rather warm," said Lawrence, replacing the hand of the patient gently in his hammock. "Still," added the chaplain, "there appears to be little of fever hanging about you."

"Ah, sir, a heavier thing nor fever's a-hang-in' here!" sighed Paul, raising his huge, brown, weather-beaten hand to his broad brow.

"Nonsense, nonsense, man. You musn't indulge this depression of spirits."

"I doesn't, sir; but I well knows I could meet my fate the firmer, could I only lighten a little o' this terrible load aloft."

"Well, unburden your mind to me," said Lawrence, consolingly. "Possibly we may manage to lighten a little of your load."

"Bless yer comfort-talkin' tongue! I well know'd ye was never the man to refuse a helpin' hand to a feller-cretur in trouble—I was sartin ye was n't. Ah, Mr. Lawrence," he added, with increased emphasis, "there is n't a man or boy aboard, no, not even a *soger* in the ship, as would n't go—go by—"

"No expletives, Potter," exclaimed Lawrence, with uplifted hand, cutting short the fervid deliverance of Paul's adjuration. "I expect you will now," added the chaplain, "reveal to me, without any reserve, every circumstance connected with your troubles. Conceal nothing. Consider me your best friend."

"Well, sir, if I must reveal all, without any presarve, I thinks I can't do better than begin with the lightest first."

"Please yourself, Potter; but pray proceed."

"Well, then, first an' foremost, sir," proceeded Paul, "I wishes to ax ye, sir, if ye thinks as the heavin' a contrairry cat overboard much of a crime?"

"Cruelty to animals," responded the parson, endeavouring to suppress a smile, "I have ever deprecated. Indeed, I look upon it as a very hard-hearted and heinous offence."

"There it is, Mr. Lawrence. No one knows the tortur it brings to my mind at night. I sometimes thinks I feels the creatur's claws clingin' to my hot head, an' every now an' again as if she was scrapin' and scratchin' a hole in my burnin' brain."

"But pray, Potter," asked Lawrence, "what reason can you possibly assign for the commission of so cruel an act?"

"Well, I'll tell ye, sir.—I b'longs to the Phee-ston frigate at the time. She was a fancy ship, Mr. Lawrence—a reg'lar flyer. She'd think nothin' o' knockin' ye off eleven on a howlin'. She was a man-o'-war, Mr. Lawrence. A man *was* a man in she. Every one know'd his work; and them as worked us know'd the business of all aboard—"

"But the cat's business?" interrupted Lawrence.

"I'm coming to that, sir. Well, sir," continued Paul, "we was comin' from foreign at the time. Was ye ever at the Cape, Mr. Lawrence?"

"No, never."

"Well, sir, we was comin' from *there* at the time; and just as we closes the chops o' the Channel, we was catched with just such another badgerin' breeze as this here thundrin' easterly wind. We was six-upon-four at the time, and terribly short o' water. The people below 'gins to growl, an look black one on the tother, an' the watch on deck hauls only half their strength, and works with a heavy heart. For twelve days an' thirteen nights, the wind keeps stiff and steady in the same parvarse, provokin' pint. In course, every one seed as a spell had got hold o' the ship. Some sot it down to the score o' this, others to the score o' that.

"At last, sir, a young feller o' the name o' Forbes determines the thing in another way. Fred was second captain o' the folksel in the starboard watch; a finer young feller ye never seed. He stood six feet two in his stockin' feet.

"Well, sir, on the twelfth night, just as they relieves the first watch, up comes Fred on the folksel. 'Still,' said Fred, lookin' to wind'ard, an' butt'nin' his monkey athaut his chest, 'still this beggarly breeze! Ah!' says he, that 'thund'rin' parlee-voo puss is the cause on it all. Yes,' says he, shakin' his head, 'Crappo's cat's a-spittin' her spite;' for ye see, Mr. Lawrence, 'twas an *enemy's* cat: we gets her out of a prize, a brig as we captures homeward bound from the Isle of France. 'Come, Paul,' says Fred, fixin' on me to lend him a fist; 'come down with me,' says he, 'I'll soon settle her bash.' Well, in course, sir, 'thout ever givin' the thing as much as the turn of a thought, (an' more's the pity I did n't) down we dives together, bread-bag in hand, to the heart o' the haws-er-lier. There was Crappo's cat (for the ship's corporal lends us his light,) killed in a round kile, an' sound asleep, in the very dientical spot as Fred said she was sure to be.

"Well, sir, the moment Fred gets a grip at her neck, she flashes her eyes,—spits fire faster nor fork-light'nin',—sticks her tail on end an' strikes out with her four claws in the savagest way ever I seed with brutal beast. Howsomer, sir, we soon bundles her into the bag, brings her on deck, claps a shot in the sack, ties up the muzzle, and sends her wi' three hearty howes flyin' over the lee-cat-head, five or six fathoms to looard o' the ship. There, now, Mr. Lawrence, ye has the whole o' the truth as far as consarns the cat," concluded Paul, turning to the parson, who had already risen from his seat, with his face hidden in his handkerchief.

"Lord love ye, Mr. Lawrence, don't leave me, yet," ejaculated Potter, thinking the parson was about to depart. "My worst troubles I've yet to tell."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, sir; you know I said so at startin'."

"So you did. Well, proceed," said Lawrence, resuming his seat.

"Well, sir, what I wants now to know is, whether you thinks it much of a sin when a man leavin' the station, stops his lot."

"What do you mean? I understand you not," replied Lawrence, affecting ignorance of Potter's question.

"Why, when a man's obligated to splice another in another place."

"Surely, Potter, you don't mean to insinuate that you have committed bigamy?"

"Committed what, sir?"

"Why, I trust you have not married more than one wife."

"I am sorry to say, sir, I've been obligated to splice *four* in my time."

"Four!" exclaimed the parson, in surprise.

"Yes, sir; they *would* have me, whether or no."

"Why, you must be a fancy man with the women."

"I s'pose I must, sir."

"But surely you do not mean to say that they are all living!"

"I dun know, sir; can't exactly say. In course, the one as *now* gets her lot, is well and hearty; but they tells me she in Barba-does and the tother in Halifax are both sot up in business, and doin' well."

"Which did you marry first?"

"The creole, sir. She was as nice a craft as ever ye clapt eyes on, Mr. Lawrence. She was indeed, sir. She used to bum-boat the ship. She took a fancy to me, 'cause I used to hand her traps in and out of the boat, and listen to her coloured talk atwixt the guns on the main deck. It come on very suddenly, sir. The thing was clinched in a crack. 'Take care of yourself, for sake of Sal,' says she, one evenin' as I sees her into the boat as takes her ashore. 'Take care, Poll,' says she, (for she always called me Poll,) givin' me a squeeze of the fist as told more nor she meant her tongue to tell. Well, sir, the next mornin' she brings me off from the shore a bran new beautiful length of black ribbon to tie my tie, shovin' into my fist, at the same time, as nice a case of combs as ever ran through the hair of man. 'Keep dat,' says she, 'for sake of Sal. Make you tink o' Sal, when ever ye combs yer hair. Ah!' says she, heavin' a heavy sigh, 'I do nothin' but tink of you, Poll, all the blessed night.' 'And,' says I, 'I does nothin' but think of you, Sal, all the blessed morn'.' 'You say so, Poll? Then both tink o' t'other.' 'So it seems, Sal,' says I. 'Well, s'pose, Poll, we tink both all the same as one.' 'I've no objection, Sal,' says I, 'though we makes two o' the thing; so if you thinks as I does, we'll soon clinch the

• When a seaman apportiona part of his pay to his wife or family, it is termed "lotting."

concern.' 'Nice man,' says she: 'such nice lub-locks,' says she, running her fingers through these here hanks o' hair. When a craft, Mr. Lawrence, comes to fiddle with a fellow's hair, there's nothing else for it left, but to shove the ring on her finger.'

(To be continued.)

GLEANINGS FROM "COGITATIONS OF A VAGABOND."

[THIS amusing volume is written by an officer in the British army; having visited France at various periods, he here gives us his opinions of the habits, manners, and frivolities of the French people, in a lively and instructive manner.]

Never buy a Horse without seeing what is under the Saddle.

When Buonaparte made his escape from Elba, and the news reached Cork, an order came for the regiments to supply themselves with baggage horses, and we soon had an assemblage of every *rip* on four legs in the county. There was one for each company, and one for the paymaster; I had taken this duty in his absence, and had been looking out for an animal, but could not get one that I liked; in the evening, and just as the last boat was going off with horses, a fellow came galloping on a good-looking grey horse, for which he asked twenty pounds. Having ascertained that the animal had four good legs, and two ditto eyes, I began my bargain, and had brought my chap down to twelve pounds, to which he had agreed, when I desired my servant to take off the saddle. "Sure, your honour," said my horse-dealer, "it's not worth your honour's while to take the saddle off the *baste*, it's an *ould* one, and may go into the bargain, if you'll be after giving me a glass of whisky." As the boat was on the point of starting, the animal was trotted down to the beach, and I paid the money. The next morning I found out, when too late, the cause of Pat's generosity about the saddle; the gallant grey had a sit-fast near the shoulder. As, however, we had no military chest to carry, the loss was not so serious as it might have been, consisting principally of farrier's bills. It may serve as a hint to others, however they may be pressed for time, not to buy a horse without seeing what is under the saddle.

Russian Appetite.

Madame Junot says that, in the preceding year, young Platoff was billeted on her hotel. He used to turn all standing, boots and spurs, into her fine white sheets, and was endowed with so splendid an appetite, that it was all her *maitre d'hotel* could do to keep pace with it. The whole household was lost in wonder, and amongst them laid a plot to check this march of stomach, if possible. They gave

the young Cossack a pretty strong dose of tartar emetic, and waited with anxiety for the result. Presumption and vanity to think that any thing but a cannon ball would turn the stomach of a Russian, accustomed to the digestion of train oil, bullock's liver, and saw-dust rusks. The patient fell into a profound sleep of some hours, and then woke, calling lustily for his dinner, to the great horror and dismay of Madame's establishment.

Military Asylums.

The Hotel des Invalides is altogether a fine structure, and well calculated for the purpose of an asylum for a portion of the disabled and wounded men of an army; but, I must confess, in going through this building, as well as in some visits I have paid to Chelsea, I had not that sort of satisfactory feeling which many persons have expressed on the same occasion. To me there appeared a sort of monotony, of inertness, and melancholy, that pervaded both the places and their inhabitants, difficult to describe by words. The same constant, dull routine of mere animal existence, unchequered with any incident that can rouse the mind from the torpor of a life of consummate idleness; it gives a dull and stupefied air to the inmates, which, I suspect, is never thrown off, except under the stimulus of wine or beer. A man has nothing to do in the world, but recollect the number of his mess, and look after his eating and drinking utensils. I went several times into the library of *les Invalides*, in search of rare military books, and never saw above two or three of the pensioners there at a time. It would appear that even reading, to those who were capable, was too great an exertion; and the *summum bonum* of life seemed to consist in basking on a bench in the sun, and turning over the gravel with the point of a stick.

I have often thought, that had I been placed in similar circumstances, and had merited a pension, how much more I should have preferred having my shilling a day to do what I liked with, and go where I pleased, to be locked up in a palace, and regularly fed, and put to bed, like an animal in a menagerie; in place of repeating a twenty times told tale to the same circle of acquaintance, or listening to theirs, to wander about in search of relations, or long lost friends settled in trade or business, and to their attentive ears give the history of a chequered life, and "fight battles o'er again."

I have no intention to depreciate the establishments of the Invalides or Chelsea, as national charities, but merely to say that they are somewhat overrated. Neither of them are capable, in time of war, of receiving one fourth, or one fifth of those who have claims on them; and I would therefore suggest, that these buildings should be devoted to those who have no friends or relations alive.

I speak this more strictly with respect to Chelsea, because, previous to the measure of the late Mr. Wyndham, it was the only refuge for the disabled and worn-out men of our army; but since regular pensions were fixed, the whole establishment might be exclusively dedicated to those who have no other home, or so completely disabled and worn-out, as to be incapable of locomotion. As regards the general dullness of these receptacles, I would make a partial exception in favour of Greenwich; where, in addition to the amusement of "spinning yarns," the pensioners have before them a constant epitome of their former life, in the never ceasing passage to and fro of vessels and craft of every description; the remarks on the build, rig, cut of the sails, &c., have, and often will have, filled up many an interval of time otherwise tedious.

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.

Among the many translations in Paris, was one of the ballad of Bessy Bell and Mary Gray, quoted in Sir Walter Scott's works.

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray
They were twa bonny lasses,
They bigg'd themselves a bonny wee house,
And stickit it o'er wi' rushes.

Which the Frenchman translated—"Bessy Bell et Mary Gray étaient deux jolies filles; elles se battirent une petite chaumière, et en chassèrent les importuns." The rushes were a sad stumbling block, but he seemed to have come to a conclusion that they were rash, troublesome lovers; and that stickit meant something like thumping the intruders.

Manners and Customs.

LONDON IN OLDEN TIMES.

LYDGATE's song of "London Lychpeny" was written about this time, (1410) and gives a most delightful and humorous picture of the city in these old days:—"About Westminster-gate," he says, "the cooks were gathered; and they spread fair cloths, on which they placed fat ribs of beef and bread, along with ale and wine, and they asked all to eat. The lawyers and judges sate in the hall, and round the doore were Flemings, who cried to all passers, 'Buy our fire felt hats; buy our spectacles to read.' Well, indeed, might he buy who had money; wo to him that had none. As for London, sure of all towns it is the best. Here is one who cries, 'Hot peas-cods;' 'ripe strawberries,' 'ripe cherries,' screams another. 'Who will buy my spice, my pepper, and saffron,' says a third. 'Here's mackerel!' 'Green Rushes!' 'Hot sheep's feet!' Never was such a din. Then I went down to Cheap, where was a crowd of merchants; one offers velvet, and silk, and lawn. By London Stone, and down Canwick street, are the drapers. In Cornhill the clothes shops; many a thief sells his goods

there, I wot, and he who has lost a cloak may chance to find it. In Eastshepe are the taverns; one cries 'Ribbes of beef,' and 'hot pye;' here is a heap of clattering pewter pots, with harp, and pipe, and minstrelsy. One cries 'Yea by cock,' one says 'Nay by cock,' and one sings a song of 'Jenkin and Julian.' You shall have a pint of wine here for a penny and so good day."

"Then I hied me into Eastshepe,
One cries 'Ribbes of beef' and many a 'pye.'
Pewter pots they clattered on a heape;
There was harpe, pype, and minstrelsy;
'Yea by cock, nay by cock,' some began crye;
Some sang of Jenken and Julian for their mole,
But for lack of mony I myght not speed."

DISCOVERY OF THE HEART OF RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

SOME gentlemen of Rouen, who pay much attention to the antiquities with which this place abounds, obtained permission of the archbishop to search for the heart of Richard Cœur de Lion, which tradition stated was interred near the high altar; as there is an inscription on one side the choir, stating that a Duke of Normandy, brother to Richard, was there buried, they commenced their researches on the opposite side of the altar, when almost the first stone which was removed exposed the head of a crowned statue; this was carefully disinterred, and exhibits a recumbent figure of the monarch, in a long robe, a crown on the head, and the feet resting upon a lion; the figure is girt with a sword, and is larger than life, in perfect preservation, with the exception of the nose, hands, and feet, which have evidently been broken for the purpose of flattening the figure to lay the present pavement over it. By the side of the tomb was found a large leaden case, with the inscription "Richard Cœur de Lion, Duc de Normandie, Roi d'Angleterre." In the lid of the box a hole had been made, probably to search for money, as it is said the leaden case was once enclosed in a silver one, and that money was placed in it. Some rubbish, as mortar, bits of stone, and wood, had got into the case by means of this hole, and with this was mingled a dark substance, supposed to be blood, which had issued from the heart after it was placed in the case. The lion heart is still perfect, but much shrunk in its dimensions; it was enveloped in a sort of taffety of a greenish colour. The tomb has been conveyed to a chapel behind the high altar, and will be placed upon a sarcophagus of black marble, when the broken parts of the figure are restored, for which purpose an Italian artist is employed, who has very successfully restored the magnificent monument in the same chapel, familiar to all visitors of Rouen Cathedral. The heart at present remains at the palace of the Archbishop of Rouen, the case having been repaired and fastened up

in the presence of the prefect and the principal authorities, when a memorial of the circumstances connected with this most interesting discovery was drawn up, and signed by the official persons present.—*Rouen, Oct. 18, 1838.*

The Gatherer.

Pernicious Mode of Correction.—His only form of control was irony—of all coercions the most hardening to the mind of youth.—*Heir of Sechood.*

Real Degradation, distinguished from conventional equivocation, is a lower and meaner thing than the lowest of callings. A falsehood returned sooner or later to the bosom of him who utters it, like a viper flung into his face.—*Ibid.*

The Table on which Buonaparte signed his Abdication.—The Palace of Fontainebleau is not without interest in recent times. It was the prison of Charles IV., and of Pope Pius VII., who was confined here from June, 1812, to January, 1814. It was here the sovereign Pontiff was insulted by Buonaparte, and here Buonaparte himself resigned his sovereignty. His abdication was written on a small round table; and to commemorate the event, the Duc d'Angoulême caused an oval brass plate to be engraved, and inlaid on the top of the pillar of the table, with this inscription:—"Le cinq d'Avril dixhuit cent quatorze, Napoléon Bonaparte, signé son abdication sur cette table dans le Cabinet de travail du Roi, le 2^{ème} après la chambre à coucher; à Fontainebleau." That the top of the table might not be changed by separating it from the stand, or its identity rendered doubtful, the Prince at the same time affixed a seal of the royal arms, to the underneath part of the table itself.

The Mammoth.—The mighty mammoth of antedeluvian world once roamed in the vicinity of the great cataract of Niagara. A correspondent of the *Boston Mercantile Journal* writes, that the workmen employed in making an excavation at the termination of the Buffalo and Niagara Falls Railroad, found imbedded in the earth, at the depth of thirteen feet from the surface, a large tooth, 4 5-8 inches from front to rear, 3 3-8 inches across from side to side, and about 5 inches in depth from the point of insertion into the gum to the crown. It is in beautiful preservation, and is one of the grinders of the mastodon. The same flood which broke up the bed of the river and made the falls, was that, probably, in which this quadruped perished.

A Courtey Hint.—One day at the levee of Louis the Fourteenth, that monarch asked a nobleman present, "How many children have you?"—"Four, sire." Shortly after-

ward, the king asked the same question. "Four, sire," replied the nobleman. The same question was several times repeated by the king, in the course of conversation, and the same answer given. At length, the king, asking once more, "How many children have you?" the nobleman replied, "Six, sire."—"What!" cried the king, with surprise, "six! you told me four just now!"—"Sire," replied the courtier, "I thought your majesty would be tired of hearing the same thing so often."

Pin Money.—Pins were, in early times, acceptable new year's gifts to the ladies, instead of the wooden skewers which they used until the end of the fifteenth century. Sometimes they received a compensation in money, and hence allowances for their separate use is still denominated "pin-money."

Money is an article not very plentiful in Spain, (observes a modern traveller), but, happily for the country, the necessities of life are cheap and abundant, while the spirits of the people have not lost any of their former gaiety. There are, in every part of Spain, companies of strolling players; and, as the means of the inhabitants of many of the towns and villages are not very abundant, the admittance is paid for in provisions, and taken at the door like checks from the ticket office. The boxes are paid for in bread or in meat, and the other parts of the house are free, for an adequate consideration in vegetables. A box for the evening is let at the rate of two pounds of fresh meat, and the orchestra at half a pound; while the pit is passed by turnips, lettuce, and cabbage; and the rest of the house at a more qualified ratio. By this means the players and musicians are fed and supported.

W. G. C.

The following anecdote appeared a short time since in an American paper:—Clem and Dinah went to a magistrate in Virginia to be married. Clem asked the magistrate his price, "It is," said he, "two dollars for marrying coloured people;" Clem asked how much he had to marry white people; "Five dollars," replied the magistrate. "Well," said Clem, "you marry Dinah and I as you do white people, and I will give you five dollars." After the ceremony, the magistrate demanded his fee; but Clem objected to the payment, saying, "O no, massa, you no come up to de agreement—you no kiss de bride;" at which the magistrate said in a rage, "get out of my office, you rascal;" so Clem got married for nothing.

W. G. C.

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